

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἀρμονία ἀδαρὲν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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AMONG the musical novelties that are perpetually starting up in London, either to enrich greedy speculators, or, at best, to feed a corrupt taste in the public, we now and then find one that seems to have no selfish end in view, and which promises to work a direct good for musical art. Such do we consider the “Professional Choral Society” recently announced as about forthwith to commence operations. Whether this be intended as a kind of set-off against the triumphs of the Sacred Harmonic Society—whether professors feel ashamed of being fairly beaten at choral-singing by amateurs, or whether it be intended merely as a source of gratification and improvement without any idea of rivalry, we know not; but in any case it must be productive of good. Whatever be their mechanical accuracy, it is undeniable that the professional chorus-singers of this country are greatly deficient in style. Compare the best of our theatrical choruses with that of the Germans who have visited us, and the immense superiority of the latter becomes instantly apparent. Ours sing *correctly*, perhaps, but with a stoical indifference to feeling and expression; while theirs universally sing as if inspired by the situations in which they take part, and filled with the spirit of the composer. The choruses assembled for the performance of sacred-music, as at festivals, are, with the exception of that at Exeter Hall, equally unsatisfactory as to style. Precision and strength are the only qualities aimed at and achieved; artistical style is never dreamed of; its simplest elements even—the *piano* and *crescendo*—are, when attempted, but skeletons of the effect of which the materials are capable. All this naturally results from the want of systematic instruction, and for which it is, we presume, the purpose of the Professional Choral Society to provide a remedy. If this be the plan, and it be successfully carried out, the great good we anticipate from it is the creation of a school for dramatic chorus-singing—a matter which, from the very nature of its institutions, the Sacred Harmonic Society can never promote, and which nothing but

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the new Society, or some similar undertaking can. The Professional Choralists have announced a performance of Haydn's *Seasons* to take place early in the year; in this they have abundant opportunity for the display of dramatic expression, and we shall therefore look to it as, in some sort, an earnest of their intentions and ability to carry them into effect.

If style has all along been wanting in English choral performances, it is also equally defective in the concerted singing of our principal vocalists. In spite of the example constantly in force at the Italian Theatre, we do not remember one single *morceau d'ensemble*, either on the stage or concert-room, which has been executed by English singers with thoroughly artistical feeling. *Correctness* is usually recognisable in such performances—that is to say *individual* correctness; everybody usually sings in tune, and everybody takes care to persevere in his or her own time and ideas of style, but we never hear an attempt at unity of effect; there are never any of those skilful touches of expression—those delicate artifices as to tone and time—which concerted, as well as solo, performances admit of and even require. The reason of this defect is evident. Five or six singers cannot possibly think extemporaneously alike on the subject of style in a joint performance, and there has hitherto been no system of practice for such music under an instructor competent to penetrate and develop a composer's intention. This want it is proposed to remedy, we understand, by the formation of a society, consisting of all our principal vocalists, for the practice of all styles of concerted music under some competent director. This excellent idea originated, we believe, with Miss Masson, and we sincerely wish her and her coadjutors every success; but there is one point they must not overlook—we mean the necessity that the conductor should have *absolute* control over the manner of performance with all music which may be made the subject of practice. The conductor must, of course, have a thorough knowledge of every style of music, should be intimately conversant with the orchestral details of the pieces he directs, and, in fine, must possess the feeling of a composer. The singers must, on their parts, unburthen themselves somewhat of their usual dictatorial habits; they must reflect that, however clever as vocalists, their knowledge of the intricacies of art cannot be so extensive as that of a man thoroughly educated in composition, and must therefore do that to which English singers have as yet unfortunately been but little used—submit to be taught respect for the general effect of *music*, even though it be a little to the sacrifice of their own individual display. These things being borne in mind, we cannot doubt the extreme usefulness of Miss Masson's project.

Thus then, come what will, and if our next operatic attempt be delayed even beyond any present prospect, we may find a satisfaction in knowing that by the formation of schools for choral and concerted performance, its chances of success on the next trial will be greatly increased.

LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.

CHAPTER I.

If ever there was a family in which an extraordinary disposition for the same art seemed to be hereditary, it was certainly the family of Bach; through six successive generations there were scarcely two or three members of it who had

not received from nature the gifts of a very distinguished talent for music, and who did not make the practice of this art the main occupation of their lives.

The ancestor of this family which has become so remarkable in the history of music, was Veit Bach. He was a baker at Presburg, in Hungary: but on the breaking out of the religious troubles in the 16th century, he was obliged to seek for another place of abode. He saved as much of his property as he could, and retired with it to Thuringia, where he hoped to find peace and security. The place in which he settled was called Wechmar, a village near Saxe Gotha. Here he soon recommenced his trade of a baker and miller; but in his leisure hours he amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into the mill, and played upon it amidst all the noise and clatter of the mill. He communicated this inclination for music to his two sons, they again to their children, till by degrees there arose a very numerous family, all the branches of which were not only musical, but made music their chief business, and soon had in their possession most of the offices of chanters, organists, and town musicians in Thuringia.

All these Bachs cannot possibly have been great masters; but some members at least, in every generation, particularly distinguished themselves. Thus already in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, three grandsons of their common ancestor were so eminent, that the then reigning Count of Schwarzburg-Arnstadt thought it worth while to send them at his own expense to Italy, at that time the great school of music, to perfect themselves. We cannot say how far they may have answered the expectations of their patron, since none of their works have come down to our times. In the fourth generation there were some members of this family who were still more distinguished, and several pieces of whose composition have been preserved, by the care of John Sebastian Bach. The most remarkable of them were—

1st. John Christopher, court and town organist at Eisenach. He was particularly happy in the invention of beautiful melodies, and in the expression of his text. In the archives of the Bachs, as they were called, which C. Ph. Emanuel possessed, in Hamburg, there was among other pieces a motett of his composition, in which he had ventured to make use of the extreme sixth, which in his day was considered as an extremely bold attempt. He was also an uncommon master of full harmony, as is proved by a piece of church music composed by him for Michaelmas-day, to the words "Es erhub sich ein Streit," &c. which has twenty-two obligato parts, and yet is perfectly pure in respect to the harmony. A second proof of his great skill in harmony is, that he is stated never to have played on the organ and clavichord with less than five necessary, or obligato parts. C. Ph. Emanuel had a particular esteem for him. It is still quite fresh in my remembrance how good-naturedly the old man smiled at me, at the most remarkable and hazardous passages, when he once gave me the pleasure, in Hamburg, of letting me hear some of those old pieces.

2nd. John Michael, organist and town-clerk, in the Bailliage of Gehren. He was a younger brother of the preceding, and, like him, a very excellent composer. In the archives just mentioned, there are some motetts of his, among which is one for a double chorus with eight voices, and several single pieces of church music.

3rd. John Bernhard, musician to the Prince's Chapel, and organist at Eisenach. He is said to have composed remarkably fine overtures in the French style.

Not only the above-mentioned, but many other able composers of the earlier generations of the family, might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation, and a more brilliant fortune, if they had been inclined to leave their native province, Thuringia, and to make themselves known in other countries, both in and out of Germany. But we do not find that any one of them ever felt an inclination for such an emigration: temperate and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live, and the intellectual enjoyment which their art procured them, enabled them not only to be content without the gold chains, which used at that time to be given by great men to esteemed artists, as especial marks of honour, but also, without the least envy to see them worn by others, who perhaps, without those chains would not have been happy.

Besides this happy contentedness, which is indispensable to the cheerful enjoyment of life, the different members of this family had a very great attachment to each other. As it was impossible for them all to live in one place, they resolved to see each other at least once a-year, and fixed a certain day upon which they were all to appear at an appointed place. Even after the family had become much more numerous, and many of the members had been obliged to settle out of Thuringia, in different places of Upper and Lower Saxony, and Franconia, they continued their annual meetings, which generally took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt. Their amusements during the time of their meeting were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chanters, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the church, and as it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did when they were assembled, was to sing a hymn in chorus. From this pious commencement they proceeded to drolleries, which often made a very great contrast with it. They sang, for instance, popular songs, the contents of which were partly comic, and partly licentious, all together and extempore, but in such a manner, that the several songs thus extemporised, made a kind of harmony together, the words, however, in every part being different. They called this kind of extemporary chorus, "a Quodlibet," and not only laughed heartily at it themselves, but excited an equally hearty and irresistible laughter in everybody that heard them; some persons are inclined to consider these facetiæ as the beginning of comic operettas in Germany; but such quodlibets were usual in Germany at a much earlier period: I possess, myself, a printed collection of them, which was published in Vienna in 1542.

Yet the above-mentioned cheerful Thuringians, as well as some of their later descendants, who made a more serious and worthy use of their art, would not have escaped oblivion, had not, at length, a man arisen among them, whose genius and reputation beamed forth with such splendour, that a part of this light was reflected upon them: this man was John Sebastian Bach, the ornament of his family, the pride of his country, and the most highly-gifted favourite of the musical art.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

We address ourselves to the members of this important institution—we believe, the oldest and most wealthy of its class in the country, and to its numerous subscribers and well-wishers, with a view to point out an abuse in its administration, and to suggest, or at least to incite its officers to the consideration of, a correction and remedy. We allude, generally, to the arrogant tone in which the society announces its benevolent doings—to the frequent degrading appeals for support made by it as for a public charity, and particularly to the annual report, in which the names, residences, and situations of claimants on its funds, the amounts they receive, and the length of time they have enjoyed the same, and the infirmities and misfortunes which have entitled the said recipients to the society's assistance, or compelled them to demand it, are fully chronicled and set forth; this report, being printed and distributed amongst the members, of course obtains a very wide circulation, and the public, ever inquisitive about that which is painful rather than that which is pleasant to others, greedily devours the indelicate information.

The Royal Society of Musicians, embracing as it does a very large portion of the most respectable and talented professors, owes to itself the maintenance of a more enlightened policy—a demeanour of pride superior to boasting—of humility savoured with independence: as a corporation of artists associated for mutual assistance it should beware of individual annoyance, seeing that the inflictors may in turn become the inflicted: as a body of men endowed with a competent fund for the entire fulfilment of its beneficial purpose, and entrusted with the just dispensation of donations from benevolent friends, it should be cautious of any steps likely to lead it astray from its simple but efficient course, and especially such as tend to derogate its position to that of the meanest joint stock association or benefit club. If the society be sufficiently rich to be enabled to dispose of a

hundred pounds, after the just demands upon it have been fulfilled, we, in common with every generous-minded person, must rejoice in the fact, and only regret that any ostentation in the disposal or any divulging of personal circumstances should have diminished the graciousness of the gift, or possibly neutralized the balm it might otherwise have afforded; and if the flourishing finances of the society enable it to be "both just and generous," it is obvious that those strong appeals to public sympathy, put forth by it from time to time in every quarter, are something like fraudulent drafts upon the floating capital of benevolence, from which numerous institutions of less individual purpose and far humbler pretensions derive their support and existence. But we would direct attention to a still greater wrong—to an evil which has doubtless given pain to many, and which we know to have occasioned, in more than one instance, the resignation of a desirable member equally unwilling to sanction and to risk the possibility of enduring it; we allude to the printing and publishing of the list of annuitants, a practice at variance with the rule of other benevolent societies, from the benefit clubs before alluded to up to the highest charitable establishments in this land of providence for the unfortunate—a practice in opposition to the lessons of religion and the instincts of liberality and feeling whence charity has its birth. The Literary Fund, for instance, which provides annuities to a very large amount for the relief of decayed men of learning and genius, is so judiciously and kindly dispensed as to afford unmingled consolation to the parties relieved, who see not the hand that gives and are for ever unknown to the giver—the whole business of this excellent institution being confided to a very small council whose pride and pleasure is to "let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth." The Theatrical Funds are administered in like manner, and neither the public nor the professional contributors are ever informed of, or desire to know, the names of the individuals who participate their bounty. We might adduce numberless other instances, but these are peculiarly analogous and sufficient for our purpose.

Let us, however, turn to the code of laws and rules for the government of the society, and we shall find that every member binds himself to a yearly stipulated subscription, in addition to an entrance fee of just so much as the amount of the said stipulated subscription, computed from the age of twenty-one, be the member old or young as it may happen; and further, the members are bound to give their services at the annual concert and anniversary dinner; and, for a certain number of years, engage themselves to perform gratuitously at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, or to pay a substitute—the society receiving a certain sum from the Sons of the Clergy by way of contract for such performance. It will thus be seen that the Royal Society of Musicians cannot be ranked under the conventional denomination of a *public charity*, but is *de facto* a "joint-stock commercial company," the members subscribing their money, and contributing their services, to be laid out and bartered to the most profitable account, for mutual advantage and assistance, and that the said members, or such of them as claim the assistance of the society, are no more *objects of charity* (in the invidious sense of the phrase) than is the receiver of an annuity, paid for by himself at an insurance office, or the life interested stockholder, who draws his dividend at the Bank. Politicians may judge wisely when they invest the poorhouse with terrors, as a stimulus to struggle against pauperism; but philanthropy, grieving for laws which are framed for the correction of the many to coerce the few, grows heart-sick at the spectacle of an enlightened body of artists stigmatizing an unfortunate associate and brother, and degrading his widow or his family, for claiming that which is his own, and for which he has worked and paid during the sunny years of his existence.

We shall be told, to counteract this, that the annual subscriptions of the public and the bequests of benevolent friends to the society, constitute a very large portion of its funds; but we answer, that the guinea subscribers consider themselves amply repaid by the two admissions they receive to the concert, which is always of a first-rate character; that the contributors of large sums are prompted by their love of the art, and their friendly regard for its professors; and that both the former and the latter class, un-curious as to the manner of doing a service provided a service be done, would greatly prefer that the full advantages

and intentions of the society were enjoyed by such members as require it, without restraint or contumely—as a friendly assistance rather than an eleemosynary allowance—as a reward for past merit, and not as the price of present pain and degradation.

After all, we suspect that these evils have arisen out of no premeditated intention to annoy, but are the offspring of some few officiously inclined persons (of which there are specimens to be found in every society) begat upon the more apathetic and tolerant members of the government; for our memory carries us back pretty accurately to the days of Forster, Condell, the Ashleys, Simcock, and others, when, we believe, no such *black list* existed, and when the society was content to do justice, without printing, publishing, or taking credit for it. Be this as it may, we most earnestly hope the members generally will institute inquiry on the subject—we would fain interrupt the issue of the list which is usually circulated at this season; but if too late for the present, we trust our friendly remonstrance may conduce to the amelioration of the future. As the world is at present constituted, the grievance is intolerable: most men, but especially intellectual men, are more willing to encounter bodily than mental suffering; and a society, organized with liberal and benevolent views, should beware of administering a *bane*, to which even charity is scarcely the antidote.

ADVICE TO YOUNG COMPOSERS,

ON THE AUTHORITY OF MOZART.

(From the German.)

"ADVICE from Mozart!" methinks I hear the reader exclaim: even so. "And now first brought to light?" exactly so. "Yet, surely, Mozart was not one of those who are fond of giving advice." That, indeed, is true. He was content with doing things as they should be done, and left it to others to imitate his example. This is precisely what he did in the instance before us, and the instruction which he afforded by his example, I shall endeavour to translate into language, in order that it may serve for the imitation of others. "But will artists like to hear it?"—I hope I shall succeed in awakening attention. "How will you contrive to do so?"—By beginning with some particulars relative to this glorious master.

The observation was made during Mozart's life-time, and cited rather as a subject of praise, than of censure, that he wrote even his best and most finished works with amazing rapidity, and, according to the common German proverb, "shook them from his sleeve." Having had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with this extraordinary man, and the best opportunities of studying his character, I trust that the following particulars will afford some explanation of a fact that has excited so much wonder.

The truth is, Mozart was not fond of writing. I mean as far as regards the mechanical part of it, and the sedentary posture which this requires. In order to induce him to sit down to his desk in good earnest, some strong motive was necessary; he never would do so except from compulsion. But when such an impulse was given, and he began to kindle with his subject, it was finished with a dispatch that was really astonishing. And yet, at least in his latter years, such was the concentration of his mental powers, that he had very rarely anything considerable to correct in what he wrote. But, nevertheless, Mozart did not create so quickly as might be supposed; when he sat down to commit anything important to paper, it was rarely an invention of the moment, dropping, if I may so express myself, from heaven by chance. Much less was this the case with the arrangement and completion of any work of his. No, Mozart's method was this. When alone, or with his wife, or in company with those with whom he stood upon no ceremonies, as well as during his frequent journeys in a carriage, he had the habit not only of keeping his fancy upon the stretch in search of new melodies, but also of working up and arranging the ideas floating in his mind. Without appearing to be conscious of what he was doing, he would hum over, or sing aloud, the elements of his embryo work, and when warmed with his

subject, would suffer no one to interrupt him. In this manner he completed whole pieces of music in his mind, without committing them to paper, till a convenient opportunity presented itself for so doing.

When, however, such an occasion occurred, the subject being fully arranged in his mind, he committed it to paper with a rapidity that appeared to the casual observer almost miraculous. He was even fond of writing while others were engaged in conversation around him, and would every now and then throw in a remark, mostly in a jocular strain, which showed that he was not so absorbed but that he followed the general drift of the topic in discussion. So extraordinarily tenacious was his musical memory, and so abundantly was his mind stored with all the means and resources of his art, that in order not to confuse and forget the casual labours of his mind, a few short notes only were necessary. For this purpose, he always took with him a number of slips of ruled paper, to which he committed his passing thoughts; and these little slips, carefully preserved in a box, constituted the singular diary of his journeys.

Let us now proceed to the moral application. If we review the works of the best German composers of the last fifteen or twenty years, we must be at least prejudiced and uncandid, if not unjust, to deny that a rich and highly-finished style of composition has been eminently advanced by zeal and perseverance; that the art of a skilful management of forms, of a well-adapted instrumentation, and of all that can be obtained by unceasing practice and persevering industry, has been accomplished, and that the means of art which were formerly known only to the first masters and their more favoured disciples, have now become generally diffused. So entirely is this the case, that if an artist of our times should show himself weak, defective, or negligent in these respects, he cannot hope to rise in the estimation of the public. Nay, so far do we carry this feeling, as to treat with contempt and ridicule foreigners of great natural talents, who show themselves deficient of these advantages, and who, if they succeed in producing brilliant effects, do so rather through a natural impulse, than a profound knowledge of the art. So much for the balance in favour of our composers.

But on the other side, in *invention*, and above all in melodic invention, by far the greater part of our musicians, even those of the more distinguished order, will, if compared with those of an early period, appear tame and *jejune*. In truth, it cannot be denied that they are far from original, abound much less in feeling and expression, and therefore are much less diversified and interesting. Their works, it is true, may have little or nothing to blame, but they have still less wherewith to fire and fill us with enthusiasm. Though on the whole not defective in individual character, they still betray a certain monotony, between which and absolute dryness the difference is but trifling. This is secretly and sensibly felt, and in order to disguise their paucity of invention, they take refuge in violent and glaring resources, which are either purely mechanical or artificial, and sometimes even hyper-artificial; thus in either case having recourse to means which may be acquired by study and labour, and which consist in modulations that confuse the unlearned in music; in the noisy effects of parts whereby the unity and consistency of the whole is destroyed; in accumulated instrumental effects, and the deafening noise that naturally results; in figures of the most difficult, and, from their very difficulty, of the most astonishing kind; in a word, by carrying the external means of the art to extremes. But such is the nature of things, that every extreme, when habitually employed, does not produce the effect of an extreme, but that of an ordinary means; what is external soon satisfies the senses, and the senses thus satisfied demand a more violent stimulus; at length these can no longer be obtained, for nature can reach only a certain point; it is only the mind, the sentiment, that is infinite. A degree of interest may be excited in the hearer, when these resources have been employed with spirit and effect, but he will still fancy that he has heard the work before, and indifference will be the natural result; the music will only pass through the ear, and die away with the last sounds, without impressing either the judgment, the fancy, or the memory with one substantial idea, one strain that roots itself in the mind, one sound that we love to reflect upon, desire to hear again, and to retain the recollection of for ever.

Whence arises this decay of invention? The Italian is at once ready with his answer. "Invention," says he, "pure and original invention, is the gift of genius alone. The Germans," he adds, "are, with some brilliant exceptions, a people without any real genius for the art; but, as a compensation for this, they possess great solidity of judgment, profound knowledge, and unwearied industry and perseverance." Upon this answer the Italian prides himself not a little, and why? Because it is but saying in other words—"We ourselves possess a vast deal of genius, and as much talent, though we employ it otherwise. It is true we do not possess equal industry and perseverance; but why should we lay claim to that of which we do not stand in need?" The German will do well to adhere to his wonted justice and modesty; to leave to the Italians their due meed of praise, and to oppose to such reasoning the only real answer—the matter of fact; oppose to them our works of genius, the greatest masterpieces of the art.

But to complain of the decline of invention, yet still to demand new works of genius, may appear a contradiction, and be saying in earnest what Jean Paul says in jest—"My dear sirs, let us but have a good stock of genius, and the rest will follow of itself." I do not, however, think that there is any want of genius amongst us, but that a wrong method of employing, or rather of squandering it away, is prevalent. The divine gift of genius cannot be forcibly obtained, either by human exertions, or by magical means; it is either given or denied; it either exists or does not exist; but when it do exist, like the rocky spring in the bosom of the earth, it may be dug out and a free course be made for it: but it may also be neglected, it may be left to stagnate and corrupt, it may be mixed with loathsome elements, and become noxious instead of useful. In plain truth, the decay of invention in many of our modern musical composers, chiefly as regards melody, does not in general proceed so much from a want of genius, as from carelessness on the part of those who really possess this divine gift. The evil arises from an improper method of employing their time, of squandering their resources, and losing the happy moment of inspiration; as well as, in a great measure, by over-rating the efforts of mechanical labour, practice, and industry. Both the one and the other of these evils proceed, we think, from the manner in which most composers have been taught and continue to practise the art of music, and perhaps still more from the manner in which they are accustomed to write down their compositions.

Let us briefly discuss these two last points, more particularly the latter, as being the real object of the present essay.

Now-a-days, pupils, and particularly those who, from their precocious talents, are early destined to the study of the art, are made acquainted with such compositions only as are adapted to a correct, flowing, and finished mechanism in the execution. As far as regards practice, this may be an excellent method for the future ripieno-player; it may be deemed indispensable, considering what is expected from him. Yet it cannot be denied that this method gives the mind a decided bias to the mechanical part of the art, and habituates it to the same. It is a practice that cannot, in my opinion, but prove disadvantageous to the solo-player, in as far as regards expression and sentiment; how much more so then in respect to composition, and, above all, to invention.

Again, the endless reading of notes which follows the pupil's first progress; the immense value attached to a rapid, though correctly cold, playing at sight; the running through an immense mass of the ever renewed and renewing labours of others; and the consequent neglect of the powers of fancy and of extemporaneous execution, of original thinking and feeling when at the instrument—all which tends to choke up the sources of invention, or at least to prevent original ideas from flowing so copiously and freshly as they might otherwise do.

I have pointed out these among many other causes of a similar nature, which strike me as having a tendency to produce the evil in question; an evil which is seen to abound nowhere so strongly as among the Germans. It is true that men of extraordinary genius, such as Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, even though educated somewhat in the manner here described, have, by the native force of their genius, triumphed over the obstacles presented by this mode of education.

But these are exceptions of the rarest kind, and when the question is one of general rule, it is folly to refer to exceptions. Nay, perhaps, those very master-spirits may at certain periods have been betrayed, by a recollection, and, as it were, distant re-action of these early impressions, into extremes which they had better avoided; as, for instance, Haydn in some of his sportive passages, which almost border on buffoonery, and Beethoven in some of his more wild and grotesque caprices.

From their extensive and multifarious reading, the young composers of the present day have formed within themselves certain models, as it were, of the styles of different masters. Possessing all the external means of the art, a correct taste, a good knowledge of instrumentation, and of the best means of grouping their ideas, and a general acquaintance with the symmetry of parts, &c., they seat themselves at the desk without waiting for any internal impulse or direction of the mind to a given object, arrange their music-paper, and confidently commence the task of composition, trusting to experience, and the hope that life and inspiration may come in the course of their writing; or if not, that they shall, at least, produce something tolerably clever, and not displeasing. Stored as they are with the means of art, they may chance to succeed in producing a work of respectable mediocrity; or should it happen to turn out more spirited and important, it may owe its merits to the correctness of the finish, to certain surprising effects, to the charm of instrumentation, or the like, but rarely, if ever, to invention, to fresh and original ideas. The other production, however faultless, decent, or well adapted to the end proposed, will still possess nothing truly new, truly characteristic and impressive, and therefore nothing that can excite any lasting interest. Nor, indeed, can this be otherwise, except on the supposition that an artist, during such a writing-lesson, should all at once be rapt into inspiration, and that the fervour should last till his task be finished; an event which may occur but once during the life of the greatest genius—a wonder, a real miracle! and, consequently, an event upon which no one should calculate, and to the chance of which no reasonable man would trust. The most distinguished masters of the art, men gifted with the greatest inventive powers, have never been so presumptuous as to reckon upon such chances. Though conscious of their own powers, they had learned to be more humble; they hailed with joy and gratitude the moments of pure inspiration, as direct gifts from heaven; carefully distinguishing such moments from those beneficially devoted to the working up and final disposition and completion of their conceptions. Those favoured moments of inspiration are of such short duration, and the ethereal gifts which they bring so easily evaporate, that such masters have wisely had recourse to means to grasp them instantly, and give them a "local habitation and a name," in order that they may profit by them afterwards in the hours of labour. Their method, with but slight deviation, was that pursued by the great Mozart, as already described: it is known to have been the practice of Gluck and Haydn, and there can be little doubt but Beethoven and others pursued a similar method. Unfortunately, as we have before observed, the young composers now-a-days act in another way. They have not learned the wisdom of duly estimating the "gift of the moment," as Schiller happily calls it, and they do not bear in mind what this poet adds, that the moment is "the mightiest of all the gods." Trusting to the self-elected hour and to themselves, they neglect these nobler resources, or omit to profit by their practical application.

AMERICAN AMATEURS.

In a book entitled "Georgia Scenes, Characters, and Incidents," Miss Crumb, a young lady educated in Philadelphia, and highly accomplished, &c., is represented as at a party, where, after many solicitations and apologies—

She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and begun. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the

way back, and the right pursued it in a like manner. The right turned and repeated its first movement, but the left outran it this time, hopped over it and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off, all of a sudden, as I thought, fairly vanquished; but I was in error, against what Jack Raodolph cautions us—"It had only fallen back to a stronger position." It had mounted upon two black keys and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of snake-charming beyond dispute. The left rushed towards it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, as it invariably retired with a tremendous roar down the bass keys. It continued its assaults, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag through both, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano gave forth during the conflict. Certain it is, no one can describe them, and therefore I shall not attempt it.

The battle ended, Miss Augusta moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once—"One song, my dear Augusta," said Mrs. Small, "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing in Philadelphia, and which Madame Piggisqueaki was so fond of."

Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Augusta: accordingly she squared herself for a song.

She brought her hands into the *capus* this time in fine style, and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each other. Then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly and the left responding very loudly. The conference had been kept up until I began to desire a change on the subject, when my ear caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Augusta; they seemed to be a compound of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccup, and a whisper; and they were introduced, it appeared to me, as interpreters between the right hand and the left. Things had progressed in this way for about the space of fifteen seconds, when I happened to direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins from Philadelphia. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side; a beam of heavenly complacency rested on his countenance; and his whole man gave irresistible demonstration that Miss Crumbs's music made him feel good all over. I had just turned from this contemplation of Mr. Jenkins's transports, to see whether I could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Crumb made a fly-catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and at the same instant she fetched a long dunghill cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled as many keys with the left. This came over Jenkins like a warm bath, and over me like a rake of bamboo briars.

My nerves had not recovered from the shock before Miss Augusta repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squal of a pinched cat. This threw me into an ague fit; but, from respect to the performer, I maintained my position. She now made a third grasp with her right, and boxed the faces of six keys in a row with the left, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it. Her neck vein swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, when I took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Heavens!" said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must her crying be?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANKLIN'S MUSICAL GLASSES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I beg to present your readers with an extract from Albrechtsberger's work on Harmony, &c., from which it will be seen that, though your suggestion has not been carried out by our English artists, it has been accomplished upon the Continent—

"The Harmonica.—This instrument owes its existence to the celebrated Dr. Franklin, who gave the first ideas of it. Miss Davis and Miss Kirchgessner made it more known; and Messrs. Friek, Von Meyer, Naumann, Røllig, Weise, and others, afterwards raised it, by their profound musical knowledge, to the perfection in which it is at present. This charming instrument usually contains from thirty-six to forty globular glasses, made at the glass-houses expressly for this purpose. The selection of these glasses, fitting them on a square iron spindle, and turning them, are the most troublesome parts of the work required in fitting up this instrument.

"Mr. Røllig was the first that adapted a set of keys to it, and this has occasioned the name, keyed harmonica (*harmonica à claviers*), to be given to this instrument. The same Mr. Røllig and Mr. Chapel-Master Naumann, also first composed some pieces, and Mr. Muller had a method with examples printed, for teaching how to play on this instrument.

"The following artists, also, are in good repute:—Maschek, Mayer, Pohl, Wenk, Westenholz, &c."

The scale is given in another part of the work: it extends from C in the bass to G in alt, with all the semitones.

I quite agree with you that it is surprising that none of our musical mechanists have turned this contrivance to account. I remain, yours, &c.

Salford, Dec. 29th, 1840.

OBSERVATOR.

CATHEDRAL CHOIRS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your recent observations on the insufficiency of cathedral choirs, as at present constituted, for the due performance of church music. Permit me to call your attention, and that of your readers, to a paragraph which has lately been going the round of the newspapers, and which is to the following effect, viz.: that, "among the liberal arrangements which are in contemplation at Eton College, is an increase of £20 per annum to the salaries of the ill-paid lay clerks:" in this age of retrenchment and destruction, it is pleasing to remark that one collegiate body, at least, appears to be taking the subject in question into consideration. Trusting that you will find room for the insertion of the foregoing in your journal. I remain, yours, &c.

January 4th, 1841.

ETONENSIS.

REVIEW.

Lord let me know mine end; anthem composed by A. Wastfield.

Mr. Wastfield evidently has a liking for the style of cathedral music, and for that of Kent in particular, to whose manner that of this anthem bears a strong resemblance. He also may be allowed the credit of feeling rightly according to the school which he has adopted, but the vocal arrangement throughout displays either great want of care or much innocence as to the rules of counterpoint. All the choruses have an abundance of faults—consecutive fifths and octaves, and needless descents of the tenor below the bass, &c.—too obvious to escape notice. In the last movement the imitations are particularly unfortunate, since the manner in which the subject is answered necessitates consecutions of fifths, which are accordingly scattered about in profusion. The part most to our taste is a short quartett, "O spare me a little," which is pleasing and expressive.

We advise Mr. Wastfield to criticise his own works a little more severely in future;—the exercise will be salutary in itself, and by no means diminish the good prospects of his reputation.

Napoleon's Grave; song composed by Philip Klitz.

This is a song of some merit, although often breaking down for want of matter at those very places where some foregoing pomposity of style leads to the ex-

pectation of something unusually vigorous as a consequence. It is of that half-descriptive, half-declamatory sort, in which M. Neukomm delighteth, and certainly as entertaining as some productions of the chevalier, although not to be compared for a moment to that one which the poetry of the present song especially calls to remembrance—we mean “Napoleon’s midnight review.” We have no particular objection to make to Mr. Klitz’s composition, except that it is too much alike throughout—that its movement is too continuously *marchiform*, whereby many opportunities for expression are lost. Music is not usually a good vehicle for the conveyance of philosophic reflections, and we find this opinion strongly confirmed in the present case, since than the martial twang which pervades Mr. Klitz’s “lyrical illustration” nothing could be less suited to such a piece of sentiment as we find on the last page—to wit,

“ Yes, let him rest ! such men as he
Are of no time and place ;
They live for ages yet to be,
They die for all their race ! ”

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

ITALY.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—I am going to give you a batch of musical gossip—not loaves, of which you will “cut and come again,” but *michette*, or little loaflets, such as the Milanese purvey to hungry lunchers to stay their stomachs till dinner and the spread of better things. The *Scala* is busy in preparation for the Carnival, but the politics of the imperial opera are as mysteriously conducted as those of Prince Metternich at Vienna; rumour is of course busy in juxta-proportion to the lack of reality; all that is credibly known is that we are to have two new operas and a strong company. The favourite pieces of the autumn season, which closed in the middle of last month, were Nicolai’s *Templario* and the *Oberto* of Verdi, both young composers of some merit and a smack of originality (particularly the former), which is no small praise for aspirants in these worn out, degenerate times—it is creditable to them to have spared us some thirty nights out of the sixty-five of the season from the usual *Donizetti* and *Bellini* infliction. A *debutante* named Schöberlechner has been turning the heads of the Bolognese in *Belisario* and *Anna Bolena*. Rossini, who was present on her first performance at the Grand Opera in Bologna, is said to have pronounced her to be, both as an actress and singer, the most perfect *artiste* of the present Italian stage—this is great authority, and sufficient to create a reputation and engagement in London, where you will doubtless soon have an opportunity of judging for yourselves. Cerito the dancer has also been a great card at Bologna; a critic in the *Giornale dell’ Opera* tells us she was the queen of *clubs* in London, has proved a queen of *diamonds* to the Bologna manager, and is the queen of *hearts* everywhere—this is pretty well for an Italian quipster, and worthy of Ella himself, the musical *pundit* of London wit and coteries.* One Signor Pietro Collardini of Venice has bequeathed ten thousand scudi to the Venetian Conservatorio, on condition that the directors cause three funeral services to be performed annually, one of which is to be the Requiem of Mozart for ever—and in case the said condition be not duly and creditably fulfilled, the legacy is to pass to the Milanese Conservatorio, so that, from the known rivalry between these two institutions, one perfect intellectual musical treat per annum is secured to the enlightened few in these parts. Donzelli has been singing at the *Teatro d’ Apollo* in Venice with great éclat—our old London favourite seems to be coming forth with a fresh *gusto*, like East India Madeira after a second voyage. I forgot to tell you Donzelli is the *primo tenore* of the *Scala* for the approaching Carnival. Moriani, who is booked by the dilettanti as the legitimate successor of Rubini, has no permanent engagement, and is making a tour through Italy preparatory to

* Should the fair danseuse, during her next English campaign, chance to pironette along some of our untermiated railroads, there is little doubt but that the knights of the shovel (alias excavators) will hail her queen of *spades*, and so complete the titular impersonation of the quadruple alliance—we beg pardon of our readers, but could not forbear the obvious pun, or leave the sin of a bad joke for Mr. Ella’s conscience.—ED. M.W.

a progress northward—this seems ominous, and your ears may look (excuse the bull) for a new crop of vocal botany in the *floriture* of a new singer of no mean pretensions. By the by, the journals here have contained several caustic and acid “hits” at the failure of your promising English Opera scheme—what the deuce have you all been about?

Albergo della Regina d'Inghilterra,

Contrada Larga, No. 3267, in Milano,

18th December, 1840.

GERMANY.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I regret to say your numbers are so irregularly served here, that I scarcely know what music is about with you;* however, I will endeavour to furnish you with a few items of her doings amongst us. To begin at home—we have had a very successful comic opera, entitled *Coramo*, which, as a light and pleasant affair, well merits the applause it has received. The composer, Herr Lortzing, has stepped out of his path as a singer, to set an example to his lackadaisical brother vocalists, who in England, and pretty much the same elsewhere, content themselves with *parrotting* music, and scarcely ever take the trouble to think for themselves. Herr Lortzing has another opera in preparation to be called *Die bieder Schützen*, which is very favourably reported. Our concerts are, as usual, equally exempt from the coarseness of London amateur attempts, and the affected refinement of tip-top fashionable *soirées*. Mendelssohn is active, brilliant, and energetic as ever—a light surrounded by untarnished crystal—the beautiful soul of an uninvited body. It is rumoured that he intends to leave this place at the close of the present season, but I hope this is rumour only, or, at most, caprice, I am told that Spohr has nearly completed *Der Fall des Babylons*, the language of which has been supplied by Mr. Edward Taylor; a friend of mine in Cassel, who has been let into the secret, pronounces this work as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master. We shall be great in the sacred way, next season, for Friedrich Schneider has two oratorios complete—*Bonifazio* and *Solomon's Tempel*, both of good report, and already exciting much interest. It is also said that Prince George of Hanover has been trying his hand at an oratorio: but the dangerous illness of that amiable personage casts a cloud athwart the hopes that have been kindled respecting its completion and performance. You will be delighted to learn that the numerous admirers of Dussek have subscribed liberally for the erection of a monument to his memory in his native town, Czarlan in Bohemia: would that I had the means to endow a professorship for the daily performance at the base of the monument of that exquisite sonata, the “Harmonic Elegy on the Death of Prince Louis Ferdinand,” the most suitable epitaph for such a man and such a composer. You will also be gratified to know that the emperor has recently given a lucrative appointment in his household to the only son of Mozart; he is said to be a skilful performer and a talented musician, and the imperial decree creates him for life, composer and musician to the court. Nothing was said here of John Barnett's speculation until its fatal catastrophe; and now but little sympathy is mixed with the additional ridicule which it has brought upon English musicians in general, from which W. S. Bennett is here looked upon as almost the only exception. I read last week in a Berlin paper that Carlotta Grisi (now Madame Perrot), had forsaken the muse of dancing for that of song, and made a sensation somewhere, in a piece called *Zingaro*, but whether the said piece and the said heretical performance have been witnessed in Germany, France, or Italy, or the moon, I can neither guess nor ascertain. Perhaps, the Carlotta having danced away her butterfly wings, has transmigrated into a humming-bee amongst her former lady patronesses in London. Probably you have an opera buffa this year. The wealthocracy of Europe has received another encouragement (by example, which, the proverb says, is better than precept) to the musico-amatory predilections of the *caste*, in the marriage of the principal banker of Hamburg to Henrietta Schutz, *prima donna* of the Copenhagen Opera-house.

Hôtel de Baviere, Leipzig, Dec. 26, 1840.

* Our correspondent, and other friends in Germany are informed that arrangements have been made with Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, Leipzig, who will henceforth forward the numbers of the “Musical World” within a few days of their publication.—ED. M. W.

METROPOLITAN.

DRURY-LANE.—The *entrepreneur* has at last fulfilled his declared intention of again making the promenade concerts at this theatre a medium for introducing classical music to the public. The *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven has been given during the week, and, upon the whole, well performed. We must object, however, to the time in which every movement is taken. We have seen in old reviews, written at the time when this immortal work was new to the world, and when critics had not learned to comprehend, much less appreciate, its breadth of design and its minuteness of detail, repeated admonitions to those who might direct the performance of the *Pastoral Symphony*, that it should be greatly curtailed in order to render it effective. This is, of course, a gross absurdity; for it is universal with works of high art, that, to abridge them of their just proportions, destroys that beautiful symmetry which, more than anything, indicates the great mind of the artist. The age is now a little advanced in its critical acumen, and if our musical reviewers do not always understand the subject of which they treat, they are at least too sensible to suggest the mutilation of a feature for the improvement of a face; and we suspect even the erudite writer of the *Harmonicon* must by this time blush for the opinions therein put forth. Mr. Eliason has devised a new plan for shortening the suspense of listening to this "inordinately long" composition, namely, the playing all the movements very considerably faster than we have been used to hear them, and than the feeling of the music seems to indicate; and we suppose the author's intention to be as much deteriorated by this perversion, as it would be by the mutilation of his ideas. The *Symphony* receives but little applause, which cannot be wondered at, when we find the audience pre-saturated with the insignificant trivialities that form the rest of the programme.

The overture to Donizetti's French opera, *Les Martyrs*, has been played for the first time in this country. We are bound to notice this as being the first portion which has reached us of a work that has ignited the enthusiasm of our neighbours, and excited some little interest among ourselves. As a matter of drums and cymbals, the overture to *Les Martyrs* is certainly calculated to make a noise in the world, but we cannot perceive in it any other pretensions to that distinction: the *Allegro* is a reminiscence—by no means a pleasing one—of Winter's *Calypso* and Rossini's *Barbiere*; but it has not the spirit nor the continuity of either; this movement is interrupted by a chorus, a very un-overturous introduction, who sing a sort of Donizettified methodist hymn, which produces very little effect, and evinces as little meaning. If this be a sample of the merit of the opera, we cannot congratulate the popular maestro upon having deserved his success in Paris.

A potpourri, from Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, containing six or seven of the most popular pieces of the opera, has been another novelty of the present week. We are happy to commend the spirit of the director, who seems determined to keep the game alive; and we are glad to find he has at length opened his ports to the apparently contraband productions of "native talent." Mr. Balfe's works certainly cannot be said to spring from the well of "pure English undefiled," but they are of home manufacture, if not exclusively of British material, and so good as to please us whenever we hear them.

The addition of a choral force to the instrumental power of these performances gives a great variety to the otherwise monotonous effect; and the introduction of it in the selection from the *Siege of Rochelle*, and the overture to *Les Martyrs*, is very happy. The audiences of Drury-lane have greatly diminished since Christmas. Is it to counterbalance this diminution that Mr. Eliason thinks proper to add to the number of his band?

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The most active measures are being taken by the Committee of Management for giving a single concert early in February,

which, it is intended, shall be on a much larger scale than any previous performance of the society—a general meeting is called for Tuesday next, when the plans will be laid before the members, and it is to be hoped will obtain their co-operation and support. The intended concert has our sincere good wishes; the cause of English music is waning, not because it is overwhelmed by the lustre of a brighter sunrise, but because the light which fed it, the enthusiasm of its supporters, is almost extinct: how shall this be accounted for? is it that the young members of the British Society who have been raised into eminence by that association, and elected into the Philharmonic as an acknowledgment of that eminence, have acquired, with their new honours, the old-womanly big-wiggism of their predecessors in that anti-national institution which hardens their hearts, and closes their ears to the demands of the art which has nurtured them and the artists who have been their foster-brethren? this supposition should not, can not be true, and the coming concert will, we trust, disprove it.

MR. DISTIN, THE TRUMPETER, has a very severe attack of erysipelas in the head and face, and we are sorry to learn that the medical attendants despair of his recovery. This gentleman's talents on his instrument are too well known to need a comment, and though, from his being unengaged in our principal orchestras, the loss of them cannot be materially felt in London, he is so highly and so deservedly distinguished that he must be highly regretted,

MR. WEBSTER has, at length, obtained an extension of license for the Haymarket Theatre, which now allows him to keep that establishment open for the whole year. We mention this, not as a circumstance of musical interest, although to the great credit of Mr. T. Reed, the overtures and *entr'actes* are always judiciously selected and well-played at the Haymarket, but as a proof that good management in a good cause ensure success; for, it is to be presumed, Mr. Webster would not have solicited an increased term had he failed during the ten months he has been hitherto allowed; on the other hand it will be remembered that Mr. Arnold's license for the English Opera House was for the same period as that of the Haymarket: now, though the cause of the national opera *should* be as good as that of the legitimate drama, the one establishment cannot open at all for the purpose of its original institution, while the other finds in the sunshine of public support a perennial harvest: is there any reason for this state of things but Mr. Arnold's ill management?

MUSICAL MARCH OF INTELLECT.—It is gratifying to observe that our negro brethren, who less than half a century since were seriously considered, even in the enlightened British Parliament, as a distinct inferior genera of beings—semi-brutal, unhuman, and incapable of menticulture—have already begun to school their instincts into a thirst for, and love of, the purest elements of civilization. Since the fetter has been broken from the limbs of the slave population in the West Indies, it is marvellous to perceive how rapidly their minds have escaped from the worse chain that enthralled them—schools are eagerly thronged, information is earnestly sought, the arts begin to exercise their influence, and music has already become an essential both sacred and secular, lending alike its power to devotion and its charm to the social circle. We are assured by persons recently arrived from the West Indies, that vocal tuition and choral practice are very successfully carried on amongst the black population; and we learn that orders have been received in London for the construction of three large-sized *Æolophons*—a species of instrument far preferable to the organ in hot climates—for the Baptist negro churches of Kingston, Mondego, and Morant Bay, in the island of Jamaica. The European residents, desirous to keep in advance of this musical march of intellect, have commissioned Mr. Latham, some years since well known in London as a singer and actor at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, to form a company, orchestra, and *matériel* for the production of operas in the capital of Jamaica, where performances will commence early in the ensuing year.

STAMMERING.—A drunken man, or a person afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, can run, although he cannot walk or stand still. In the same manner a stammerer can sing, which is *continuous* motion, although he cannot speak, which is *interrupted* motion.

MUSICAL FLAME.—Musical tones are produced by the combustion of hydrogen gas in tubes of different diameters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. G." There is an elaborate and excellent treatise on fugue by Albrechtsberger, and also a very good one by Cherubini—much shorter, more modernized, and perhaps more generally intelligible than the other. J. S. Bach's "Art of the Fugue" is the best practical illustration of fugue-writing in existence. There is no treatise on orchestral arrangement worth the trouble of reading. All are more or less incorrect, and even if otherwise could not teach instrumentation. Our correspondent should read the scores of our best composers, compare their written appearance with their performed effect, and after a while try his own hand at it. Practice and practice only (always foregrounding the existence of correct taste) can teach instrumentation.

"An Old Subscriber," of Birmingham, is informed that the address of Mr. John Barnett, the composer, is 117, Great Russell-street, Bedford-square.

"A Professional" is thanked for his intelligence, which had, however, reached us through another channel before the receipt of his letter. If any change take place, perhaps he will favour us with a communication.

"J. W. P." is informed that our List of New Publications is furnished by the various Musicellers, and printed from their several accounts. We shall be happy to accommodate our correspondent by indicating with initial letters the voices for which vocal music is written, if the publishers will add these particulars.

"A Constant Reader" is requested to pardon a typographical error in our last, and to read "Sull'Aria" for "Sub aria."

"C. E." is informed that Mr. Harper is the Professor of the Trumpet in the Royal Academy of Music.

"F. B. J." will not take an answer; once for all, his letters are of too personal a nature for insertion in our pages.

"G. J. B." has our thanks. We shall be obliged by his account of the general meeting.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Bertini.—Twenty-five Studies, parts 1 and 2, op. 29, book 1 - - - - - *Chappell.*
Hunten.—Petites Fleurs de Salon, op. 112, 4 rondons: 1, La Nina Gondoliera—Dolizetti; 2, Chœur des Moissonneurs de L'Elisir; 3, Cavatine de la Symphonie; 4, Melodie Suisse - - - - - *Ditto.*
Beethoven's Works, by C. Czerny, nos. 18 and 19, Sonatas, op. 19 - - - - - *Wessel.*
Les Fleurs de Mayseder, no. 9, 'Souvenir du Danube,' variations on a German air (duet) - - - - - *Ditto.*
Hunten.—Nouveau Bijou, Polonaise Nocturnale (duet) - - - - - *Ditto.*

Bosio.—Series of new quadrilles, no. 1, 'Fernand Cortez' - - - - - *Wessel.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thalberg.—Depart de Paris; grand divertissement (with or without orchestra) for piano and violoncello concertant - - - - - *Ditto.*
Burgmüller.—Op. 68, 'Murmures de la Rhone,' 3 Nocturnes for violin or violoncello and piano (the same for violin and violoncello and guitar) - - - - - *Wessel.*

VOCAL.

Hobbs, J. W.—The Captive Greek Girl - - - - - *T. E. Purday.*

MADAME DULCKEN and Mr. BENEDICT'S TWO GRAND EVENING CONCERTS will take place on WEDNESDAY, January 27th, and FRIDAY, February 19th, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOM, HANOVER-SQUARE, under the especial patronage of her Majesty the Queen, her Majesty the Queen-Dowager, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Vocal Performers: Mesdames Caradori Allan, Balfe, F. Lablache, Mrs. Toulmin; Misses Birch, Maria B. Hawes, &c. &c.; Signori Brizzi and F. Lablache; Messrs. H. Phillips, J. Parry, jun., J. Bennett, Stretton, A. Novello, and Balfe; Herr Kroff, &c. Instrumental Performers: Piano, Mme. Dulcken, Messrs. Benedict, and W. S. Bennett; Violin, Messrs. Blagrove and Emiliani; Harp, Mlle. Bertagat; Horn, Signor Puzzi, &c. &c. In addition, a Chorus of Sixty Voices, and an Orchestra complete in every department, have been engaged. Leaders: Messrs. F. Cramer and Loder. Conductors: Messrs. Moscheles, Benedict, and Lucas.—Tickets Half-a-Guinea, and Stalls One Guinea each, at all the principal Musicellers; at Mme. Dulcken's, 8, Somerset-street, Portman-square; and Mr. Benedict's, 8, Bruton-street.

LADIES' ACADEMY OF VOCAL HARMONY, WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—Messrs. T. COOKE and J. BENNETT respectfully announce that the Academy will RE-OPEN after the Christmas vacation, TO-MORROW, the 8th inst., for the INSTRUCTION and PRACTICE OF SINGING in PARTS, and continue as heretofore on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, from half-past Twelve till Two o'clock. Particulars to be had of Mr. T. Cooke, 92, Great Portland-street; or Mr. J. Bennett, 21, Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—
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